

## NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

## THE NATIONAL POLICY.

## ANNEX HAWAII (Accomplished).

With the key of the Pacific we have opened the door from the Far West to the Far East.

## A MIGHTY NAVY (In Progress).

With the command of the sea, no foreign force can cross it to attack us.

## DIG THE NICARAGUA CANAL (Preliminary Work Under Way).

By a waterway bringing our Eastern and Western coasts into free communication our naval strength will be doubled and our commercial difficulties halved.

## STRATEGIC BASES IN THE WEST INDIES (Accomplished).

National defence carried out to sea and our coasts relieved of danger.

## GREAT NATIONAL UNIVERSITIES AT WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS

(In Progress).

Trained officers for the reserves, creating an efficient citizen force for war. No huge and undemocratic standing army in time of peace.

## A TIME TO KEEP COOL.

This is one of the times that test the self-control and judgment of a nation. The first impulse upon hearing of the ambush, slaughter and mutilation of our sailors in Samoa is one of vengeance. It is to visit a fearful retribution upon the Samoans who committed the deed and upon the Germans who are said to have incited them to it.

But first impulses are not always best. Ten years ago Germany was in our position. In December, 1888, a German force was ambushed by the very same faction of Samoans that is now fighting us, led by that very Mataafa whom Germany is now supporting against us. We then favored Mataafa and he had an American military adviser in his attack on the Germans. Fifteen German marines were killed in that engagement and thirty-seven wounded. Some of the bodies of the slain were beheaded. There was the same cry for vengeance in Germany then that there is now in America, but nothing came of it. We refused the German demand for the surrender of Klein, Mataafa's American adviser, and there was no war.

There are times to unleash national passions and times to keep them under control. When two nations have profound differences that drive them inevitably into conflict, it is well enough to give rein to feeling and have the thing over. That was the condition last year between America and Spain. The intolerable Cuban situation had to be ended, and the shortest, sharpest ending as the most merciful.

But there is no such compulsion driving us to conflict with Germany. The Germans are among our oldest friends. They proved their friendship in our most desperate need, when our national life was at stake, and some of our present sympathizers were hoping for our destruction and trying to bring it about. It ought to take more than the indiscretion, or even the criminality, of a local official, intoxicated by a sense of the importance of the events in which he is a central figure, to bring us into collision with such a nation as that.

America and Germany have absolutely nothing to quarrel about. There are a dozen ways in which the Samoan trouble can be settled consistently with the honor of both countries. The Journal has suggested one—the creation of a Legislature for the islands, consisting of one house elected by the natives and another by the whites, without regard to nationality. Another would be to have the government impartially administered by Swiss officials under the joint protection of the three powers. As a last resort, even a division of the islands would be better than a continuance of the present harassing and dangerous conditions.

Peace must be restored in Samoa, and it must not be broken in Europe and America.

## MUNICIPAL ACTIVITIES ABROAD.

Both in the British and German conception of municipal government there can be said to be no limits whatever to its functions. It is highly significant to hear Frederic Harrison, the great Positivist philosopher, testify to this by saying: "The growth of municipal energy is among the most stirring facts of the age."

First, all German cities own and operate their own water works, which always are made to earn profits averaging 10 to 15 per cent on the sums invested. Again, two-thirds of the large German cities own and manage their gas works. The tendency of municipal ownership of the gas business there is found to be a more complete public illumination and a more thoroughly diffused private use. Public control has resulted in so orderly and convenient a system of underground conduits that it is deemed wise to allow no private company to disturb them. Then there are municipal slaughter houses, cattle markets and sewage farms, which latter are productive enterprises, because the sewage is distributed by scientific irrigation. By and by Germany will have a municipal monopoly of the fuel supply, for with electricity a progressive illuminant gas will be more and more used as fuel.

It was in 1870 that the Parliament of Great Britain first passed the General Tramway act, which empowered municipalities to own and operate street railways. Now, exactly one-third of the mileage of street railways of that country is owned by the municipal authorities. Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Sheffield and a few others operate their lines. The sentiment in favor of municipal management of street traffic is becoming so strong there that all cities are going to take control of it as soon as the franchises fall in. Next to that the housing of the masses has come to occupy a chief place in the minds of British reformers. The solution of that problem started with the enactment by Parliament in 1875 of the Artisans' Improved Dwellings act. Thereafter the authorities of Birmingham, of Glasgow, of Manchester, Sheffield and other cities exhibited great activity in building houses, cottages and lodging houses, and renting them.

All these public utilities we in America shall undoubtedly control in a comparatively short time, and many more, like public telephones and city fire insurance. In time no doubt we shall surpass the European cities in the way we perform these functions. Our present institutions, we should remember, were wrought more than a century ago on a basis of rural life. These institutions of ours will have to be readjusted, for municipalization must come. This will require first of all that the functions of government must be enlarged—among them decidedly the functions of municipal government. The cry of our plutocracy that the municipal governments are too corrupt to be entrusted with more functions at every table. Let not the memory of the

man who built up the Democratic party be invoked to tear it down.

## A COMMITTEE THAT MEANS BUSINESS.

At the request of the Journal these twelve gentlemen have agreed to act as a committee to discuss the question of municipal ownership of gas and consider the advisability of forming an organization of citizens, outside of politics, to promote the acquisition of gas works by the City of New York.

ANDREW H. GREEN, CHARLES W. DAYTON, LOUIS WINDMILLER, EDWARD M. GROUT, RICHARD CROKER, COLONEL WILLIAM C. CHURCH, THEODORE W. MYERS, CHARLES O'CONNOR HENNESSY, WILLIAM E. KINSELBURGH, CORNELIUS VAN COTT, PETER H. MULLER, SAMUEL MILLMAN.

The committee will meet at the Hotel Manhattan to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock. The Journal hopes for great results from this movement. The gentlemen whose names appear on this list are of the sort that make things go.

A contemporary partial to corporate rule recently remarked that municipal ownership had "become a fad with certain half-baked college professors and slim-minded young men who had taken up the study of the problems of city government from a sense of what they are fond of calling civic duty." That as soon as the franchises fall in. Next to that the housing of the masses has come to occupy a chief place in the minds of British reformers. The solution of that problem started with the enactment by Parliament in 1875 of the Artisans' Improved Dwellings act. Thereafter the authorities of Birmingham, of Glasgow, of Manchester, Sheffield and other cities exhibited great activity in building houses, cottages and lodging houses, and renting them.

This is Jefferson's birthday. It would please the founder of the Democracy to know that Democrats were honoring his memory by dinners or in any other way. But Jefferson would rather his birthday were kept as a Lenten fast than that it should be made the occasion for discord and heartburnings in the party.

Let us have as many Jeffersonian dinners as anybody wants. Let there be ten-dollar dinners, one-dollar dinners, fifty-cent dinners and dinners at any other price that may suit anybody's convenience. But let one spirit, the serene spirit of Thomas Jefferson, prevail at every table. Let not the memory of the

What do our anti-expansionists think of ambushing and beheading American sailors? Will they say: "Served them right?" or will they admit that there may sometimes be a possibility that the men who defend the flag of the Union abroad are not in the wrong?

## NOT ANXIOUS FOR VINDICATION.

For an innocent man, ex-Senator Quay does not seem anxious to have much light thrown on his dealings with the State Treasurer of Pennsylvania. His counsel are seeking immunity for him on the flimsy technical grounds that the money, having once been deposited, became the property of the People's Bank, and no longer remained the property of the State, the bank being required merely to return its equivalent on demand. They also protest against the admission of the bank's books as evidence, and are making strenuous efforts to keep out the letters and telegrams sent by Quay to the cashier.

It is not unusual for a criminal to employ every trick that his lawyer can devise to secure his release, but Quay is not a regular safe blower, or an ordinary bank robber, and it must shock and disappoint his followers to see him resort to such subterfuges.

He has been a United States Senator and is a candidate for re-election. He is a Republican leader of national influence. He cannot afford to muddy the legal waters unless he is guilty. If, as he claims, he is being persecuted by his enemies, the only way to confound these alleged conspirators is to welcome the introduction of every book, letter or telegram that bears on the charges made against him. If he has done no wrong he will have a triumphant acquittal.

On the other hand, if he did speculate with the State funds for his personal profit, and conspired with the State Treasurer to defraud the commonwealth, he is pursuing a very wise course.

The Court decided yesterday that the books of the bank must be put in evidence, and the ex-Senator's technical evasions will not profit him.

## The Only Relief.

New York, April 9. Editor of the New York Journal: Municipal ownership is the only relief. I congratulate you upon the stand you have taken in the matter, and only trust that your efforts may be crowned with success. SAMUEL KROHN, No. 5 East One Hundred and Fourth Street.

## AMAZING VASES OF CHINA'S PALACE. SALE BY AUCTION. AMERICAN ART GA



CABINET OF RARE POTTERY.



"CLAIR DE LUNE" VASES.



"PEACH-BLOSSOM" VASES.

VALUABLE VASES OF THE PALACE TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

VASES of the Palace of China are to be sold by auction in the American Art Galleries this afternoon and to-morrow. The spirit of the flame protected them in the kilns. Art lovers have admired them ardently for centuries. There is no porcelain in the world comparable to theirs. It has all the essential qualities and others. It is thin as paper, brilliant as a mirror, sonorous as metal. It is clay fashioned by the hands of men into objects of light, of tender colors, lustrous as precious stones. They are works of a nation artistic enough to have produced an emperor who said: "Let the vases of the palace be in the future blue as the sky in the space between two clouds after the rain," and then to have produced ceramists great enough to execute the order, and then mandarins

great enough to make of its beauty of rank attached to their caps. There are "clair-de-lune" vases; in the collection at the American Art Galleries. They are of the highest quality. They are found in the tombs of the Tang. They are of the color of patty, with fleckings of blue. One is thick set a shaped; three are water vases of white; two are amphoras; two are gallipots; they are in form and delicate in texture. There are vases painted with the art of modern artists in water colors. There are pinks, old blues, sulphur yellows, and combinations of purple and azure, executed with enamel so translucent that the effect is that of fresh tints of aquarelles not yet dry. There are vases in the yellow reserved for the Emperor. It is golden yellow. The timid painters of the West would not use it until after it had appeared in the curtain of Henri Regnault's "Salome." They are enamelled in blue, green, violet, red and gold. There are vases in blue obtained by dissolving azure colors in water; in turquoise blue, the basis of which is a fossil ivory colored by oxide of copper. They are cracked in the form of the scales on trout. The color was named celestial in the eighteenth century. There are vases in violet, warm and velvety, that never falls into purplish brown. The color appears allied with turquoise blue on other vases to produce the happiest and richest marbling. In the last century vases of that color were praised extravagantly. There is a magnificent Waitzu vase. Its texture is that of the eggshell. Its surface is lightened by the tender colors of enamels. There are four fancy floral medallions, in the centre of which is the symbol of Shu. The bands are of scroll design. The neck is decorated with palm leaves. The collector says: "I think it is unique. The specimen was an heirloom of the Foochow branch of the Tong family." There are bowls in the gayest green, the humid green of water plants; others in perfect pink, painted with enamel and not with colors. Then there are precious objects of diverse materials. They are in rock crystal, in carnelian, in amber. There are objects with charming inscriptions like the following: "Your brush has the charm of a flower and your audacity is without limit. If you dip your brush in this vase it will be as if you gave the elegance of a flower to your (emerald) pen." "Are you a writer of talent? We shall be friends, like two flowers exhaling the same delicate perfume." There are many charming objects in jade, the preferred stone in China. It is compared there to the thought of the sage. It is worn there as an amulet and a preservative against illness. It is milky white, it is limpid as sea green. When it is orange yellow, it is the most precious stone of the empire. In this color, in the collection, is a group of geese, rocks and millet. E. O. Arbutnot, who lives in Shanghai, formed the collection. HENRI PENNE DU BOIS.

## "ODETTE TYLER'S JULIET A MODEL

BY COMPARISON," SAYS ALAN DALE.

IT was a quick race from the ballroom to the potter scene. You were railroaded through this Herald Square "Romeo and Juliet" by the grandest of all. Everything whizzed past you. The familiar stations at which you have been accustomed to halt were rushed by. In the mad whirl you passed the meeting of the lovers—the balcony scene—Friar Laurence's cell—the Tybalt-Romeo-Mercutio altercations—the episode in Juliet's bedroom—the giving of the phial by the friar. You arrived breathless, panting, almost exhausted at the potter scene, after an eager and vivid trip. In fact, this "Romeo and Juliet" is but a modern plagiarizing through Shakespeare—a sort of Cook's tour, done up very handsomely with all the modern conveniences. But compared with last week's production of "Othello" it is a jewel.

The MacLean-Tyler-Hanford combination naturally sees to it that MacLean, Tyler and Hanford enjoy all the opportunities that are coming to them, and in this snapshot of Shakespeare's tragedy all that is best in the roles of Romeo, Juliet and Mercutio are retained. The experience was not an unpleasant one.

Odette Tyler's Juliet is undeniably pleasing. There is no doubt at all about that. Miss Tyler is very modern, chirpy and up-to-date, but she manages to tinge the luckless Capulet girl with a great deal of pretty feminine charm. Very few actresses fall in the "balcony scene" with its dim, mysterious garden, its becoming calcium light and the lovely dolce far niente of its atmosphere. But very few actresses succeed in it more positively than does Miss Tyler.

Her Juliet is a very impulsive, gushing maiden, full of moods and temperament. There is no lachrymose, lachrymose emotion about this balcony episode. Juliet is in dead earnest—filled with a trite determination to bring her affair to "honorable marriage." She kisses the lace she wears around her neck with a fervor that reminded of that famous heroine of Amelle Rives who passionately embraced her lover's cigar stubs. But the "business" was pretty, and neatly done, and Juliet charmed her audience as irresistibly as she charmed her Romeo.

There is no very marked "Shakespearean intelligence" about Miss Tyler's work. Later in the play—in the potter scene, for instance—her untutored Shakespearean diction led her miles away from the vivid and realistic language. She learned from the old, old school, that has nothing to do with Juliet in her arms and talk to her nose. There was nothing natural, simply spontaneous and delighted about his work. The suggestions

by any means. Her cry of agony before she drank the drug was very realistic in its way, and it was shown. All you got was energy—rampant and obnoxious energy.

Mr. Hanford made Mercutio a sort of low comedian, and the audience laughed at his quips. His death scene, however, was good, and the audience applauded his final exit vociferously. Perhaps the cause of this was the fact that they were glad to get rid of him, for Mercutio was a dreadful bore, after all. He was the sort of man we all try to escape in real life.

I never saw a more unintelligible Nurse than the lady presented to us by Mrs. Tanshill. Such a nasal accent has surely never before been heard in Shakespeare. How the Capulets, who, after all, were very good folk, could ever have allowed an inexpressible young girl like Juliet to live in such an accent, I don't know. Her rendering of the line, "Peter—my fan," was so utterly ridiculous that it commands attention. She reminded one of Aunt Rosa in "Zaza."

Miss Mary Timmermann was a very stately Lady Capulet, and she played the part with a good deal of dignity. The Capulet of John Mifflin was strenuously bad, and Juliet cannot be complimented upon her choice of a father. The Friar Laurence of John A. Bisher was an artistic piece of work. Augustus MacLean as Tybalt and Richard Risher as Paris were acceptable.

The tableaux so quickly flashed upon us were extremely handsome, and so were most of the accessories. But it was cruel to serve up the Gounod "Romeo and Juliet" waltz—the lively measure that Eames and Melba chirp—so bravely and persistently. The effect was most unhappy. In fact, most of the accompanying music was discouraging.

However, for a bird's-eye view of "Romeo and Juliet," the offering at the Herald Square Theatre needs no apologies. If this tri-star combination had opened with this play instead of with their burlesque of "Othello," they would have been spared many cruel truths. But as a rule, one star is ill-advised enough, and three stars are probably three times as ill-advised. Next week "The Merchant of Venice" and "Julius Caesar" are threatened. I should strongly advise Miss Tyler and her associates to regard "Romeo and Juliet" as their goal and to stay there. They will not accept my advice, but I give it for what it is worth.

Rapid-transit "Romeo and Juliet," with no stops—nothing but through tickets issued—is certainly a novelty. A death scene within the reach of Jersey commuters is worth chronicling.

ALAN DALE.



R. D. MACLEAN AND ODETTE TYLER.

## SARDOU PROTECTED BY A WOMAN ON A VOYAGE TO LONDON.

ON Saturday evening next Sir Henry Irving will produce Sardou's new play, "Robespierre" at the Lyceum Theatre, in London. It is Sir Henry's desire that the great Sardou should be present in his own person. To this Sardou objected. Sardou has a horror of the English Channel. Go alone to London Sardou would not. Trust his precious person unchaperoned in the British capital—impossible!

The aged dramatist would intrust the management of his pilgrimage to no one of his own race. Neither was there any one in England in whose hands he felt that he would be safe during this perilous voyage to foreign shores, lasting a fraction over six hours. No, there was in the wide world only one person who could accomplish the marvel of tearing the author of "A Scrap of Paper" and "Sans Gene" from French soil, and that person was an American and a woman!

Elizabeth Marbury, of New York, is that woman. Under her protecting wing Sardou will make the adventurous journey.

Miss Marbury sailed from here a week ago on her excited mission, and is due to arrive in London to-day. She will set at rest the fears of Sir Henry Irving and then proceed to No. 28 Rue de Madrid to hold the celebrated Frenchman to his promise.

Those who have the privilege of Miss Marbury's

acquaintance will not wonder at Sardou's choice of a protector on a voyage. Miss Marbury has force of character sufficient to equip six ordinary men. She is an accomplished globe trotter, a fine linguist, and as Sardou's agent in America for half a dozen years past has proved to him her genius for business. On this account the dramatist has expressed his gratitude by more than percentages on royalties. Through his influence Miss Marbury has been decorated by the French Government with her powers of persuasion, become Sardou's agent, and also opened her steamer trunks for the reception of all other French authors' manuscripts that were not too bulky; much of this product was destined to go forever unacted and unused. But now the French dramatist who cannot command the cash of an American manager, and the American manager that lacks French plays, are curiously

linked together. This mutually profitable bond Miss Marbury takes care to maintain at its full strength by an annual residence of some weeks in Paris, during which period she is much of the time a privileged guest at the Marley villa, or at No. 28 Rue de Madrid, whichever happens to be Sardou's headquarters.

Successively each of Sardou's fifty or sixty dramas has been his "greatest." "Robespierre" is no exception. It is built on a foundation of many years' preparation. The dramatist is a famous authority on the history of his own country, and he knows the drama of the revolution better than he knows his own last tragedy but one—the one whose presentations are still subject to revision. Miss Marbury has told with expressions of enthusiasm of the almost priceless volumes and of the historical manuscripts which fill the shelves at Marley—among them Camille Desmoulins' report on Danton with annotations in the handwriting of Robespierre himself. The site of where Louis XIV. spent most of the last twenty years of his life, and within a stone's throw is the spot from which only a first night, or a cooking match with Rosini, could attract Dumas the elder toward the close of his career. Why should the owner of the Desmoulins report and of the site of Montmorency permit himself to be tossed from Calais to Dover and joined there to London to witness the sham beheading of a historical Frenchman by an English actor? The answer is that he should—and wouldn't he for the potency of an American woman named Marbury.

On a voyage to London.

First Theatre Manager—Of course you are in the movement for the purification of the drama! All respectable managers are, I believe.

Second Theatre Manager—Of course. It is much the cheapest way to make people think the drama is impure.—Detroit Journal.

Cheap.

Complying with His Request.

"Bury me," pleaded the dying sailor, "on American soil."

"All right," said the ship's commander. "There's an island in the offing. We'll just bear down and expand a little more."—Philadelphia North American.

Politics.

"You are quoted here," said the reporter.

"But that was yesterday," said the politician.

"Then I may say in my paper that you deny and repudiate!"

"Ah!" again interrupted the politician; "but that will be to-morrow."—Philadelphia North American.